

AMERICAN FABLES.

How the World Went Right Along.

A Bear who had made himself believe that he had the worst luck of any animal in creation, crawling through the woods one day when he met a Serpent, who inquired:

"Which way now, my friend?"

"I am going to find some spot where I can retire from the World. The World has not used me right, and in revenge I will desert it."

"I wouldn't do that."

"But I will. I can no longer trust any body. I have been cheated, lied to and misused until I have no faith left. I will now retire within myself, and if any convulsion of nature takes place the country must not blame me for it. I have borne all that one Bear can be expected to put up with."

Bruin went his way until he found a lonely spot, and he then crawled into a hole and began listening for the Crack of Doom. It made him feel good to think that the World was turning itself bottom side up because he had absented himself from sight and search, and he was determined not to yield until after several thousand terror-stricken people had come to him with tears in their eyes.

Much to Bruin's surprise the night passed like all other nights. No one appeared during the forenoon to plead with him, and the afternoon passed without an Earthquake or Tornado. He momentarily expected the advent of a crowd to plead with him to come back to the World and have faith and confidence, but the crowd didn't show up. After a long and hungry night Bruin began to weaken. After much argument with himself he crawled out of his den and was sneaking through the woods when he met a Hare.

"Is the World yet standing?" asked the Bear.

"Certainly, never more solid since I can remember."

"And is anyone searching for me?"

"Not that I know of."

"Everything goes on just the same, eh?"

"Just the same."

"And didn't you hear that I had lost all faith in human nature, and retired from the World?"

"Never heard a word of it. Tra-la, old man, I'm off."

The Bear sat down on a thistle and thought the matter over for a few minutes, and then arose and made a beeline for his usual haunts, telling every animal he met on the way that he had been off on a fishing excursion.

MORAL:

The cynic who flatters himself that he is revenging on the world by withdrawing from company forgets that he will be obliged to associate with himself.

An Idyl of the Red Man.

Not many years ago where you now sit encircled with all the fascinations of civilized life, such as draw poker, third and fourth readers, pancake hats, etc., the brawny brave looked undauntedly with his eye, and his buckskin unmentionables flopped idly in the wind. But the restless waves of pale-face progress during the past few fleeting years have driven the dusky maiden and the plug hat chief afar, and the same moon that once paled for them now pales for you.

The council fires of the wild and daring, glare no more; the pipe of peace is no longer passed, but in its stead—the cigarette. Skin-tight pantaloons have usurped the place of brick-red bare legs, and where the Indian once wooed his dusky mate now roves the lah-de-lah. Tomahawks and scalping knives we see no more; the rank thistles no longer nod, and the wild fox does not dig his hole unscared. Not much.

For all these things have passed away.

The untutored sons of guns have left their primeval forests and are drifting towards the setting sun—God help the sun. Where once Powhatan and his daughter Pokahontas, trod the tangled thickets of the glade and roamed the wild woods o'er, where the tall pine under whose shadows lurked the shade, or sped the deer, once reared their stately heads, now naught remains but advancing strides of civilization and the toy pistol manufactory. John Smith is yet with us 'tis true, but not the John of yore. Ah! no indeed; he is now driving a street car on the tarpot road.

The resounding war-hoop of the Pinte or Digger Chief is hushed, and the

scattered remnants of those once powerful tribes have mostly gone west to grow up with the country or have degenerated into the retail cigar business. In the place of King Philip, Tecumseh and Daniel Boone, we have Shack-nasty Jim, Boston Charlie and John A. Logan, of Illinois. Instead of pursuing the panting deer, and threading the forests wild with cat-like tread in quest of food the Indian hunter now sits in the sun, drinks Government whisky and eats raw dog.

The Woman Who Giggled.

It is a singular fact that some people find it difficult to be serious and solemn in churches and at funerals, and at other places and occasions, when propriety demands a subdued expression of countenance. Mrs. Milo Stephens, an Austin lady, is just that kind of a person. Whenever she attends a funeral, she gets a giggling fit and brings disgrace on herself and confusion on everybody. Not long since, accompanied by her husband, Colonel Milo Stephens, she attended the last obsequies of a prominent Texas official, having solemnly promised not to emit a single giggle until she got back home, but she was hardly in the house of mourning before she saw something to excite her risibilities.

"For heaven's sake, Mirandy, wait until the funeral is over before you begin your infernal giggling."

"He! he! he!" giggled Mrs. Stephens.

"Think of something serious. Think

of your uncle, whom Governor Roberts refused to pardon out of the penitentiary.

The only response was a partially suppressed giggle, that attracted the attention of nearly every body in the room.

"I hope none of the children will go near the cistern while we are away, as I left the trap-door open," whispered poor Colonel Stephens in despair.

The only response was another suppressed spasm of laughter. Finally, a happy thought struck Colonel Stephens. He whispered in her ear:

"The milliner on Austin avenue told me to tell you that she could not get your bonnet trimmed in time for you to wear it Sunday."

The look of unutterable woe with which she responded scared him. During the rest of the funeral ceremonies strangers who were present supposed Mrs. Milo Stephens was the widow, such an appropriately sad expression was there on her countenance. She even shed tears.—*Texas Siftings.*

GREAT interest is now taken by the frequenters of Madison Square, New York, in the performances of a bay horse, Texas Jack, employed in shaving the lawn. Jack is nominally under the guidance of his owner and master, Patrick McDermott, but he really is quite capable of doing the work unaided. Being taken to a plot, Jack will, without command or direction, drag the machine carefully around the circumference, avoiding trees and obstacles, and then, after completing the circle, step three feet nearer the center and begin cutting a new swath. He does this with the utmost accuracy, gauging the width of the cutter to a nicety. He will proceed leisurely in this way until the entire surface is shaven, and then start for a new plot. Sometimes, in occasional reaches for a bunch of leaves while passing a tree, Jack will swerve from his path far enough to leave a strip four or five inches wide and say, eight feet long uncut. When his work is finished, McDermott will point to these imperfections, and Jack will at once start for them and shave them clean, laying his ears back, however, to show that he does not like to have his slight mistakes caviled at in public.

An Editor's Business.

An editor is a mule whose bizness is to investigate a newspaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts manuscript, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil," steals matter, fites out other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, razes a large family, works nineteen hours out of twenty-four, nose no Sunday, gets damned by everybody, lives poor, dies middle-aged and often broken-hearted, leaves no munny, is rewarded for a life of toil by a short but free obituary puff in the newspapers.—*Josh Billings.*

NEARLY four hundred people committed suicide this year "on account of the weather," and it didn't seem to improve the weather a particle.

THE MISSOURI OUTLAWS.

Governor Crittendon Tells What Has Become of the James Gang. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Governor T. T. Crittendon, of Missouri, was interviewed in Cincinnati on Thursday last by a reporter of the *Enquirer*. The governor said: "You may say all the James gang are either dead, in prison or under the control of the officials, with the exception of Frank James, for whose arrest and conviction there is still a reward of \$10,000 offered. The Lewis brothers are in jail awaiting trial, and will certainly be convicted. The Meyers gang are all dead or in the penitentiary; and the Mason gang—the Brookfield bank-robbers—were captured, tried and convicted, sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment each, and placed in the penitentiary in less than one week after the robbery of the bank."

The governor said he wished to impress the reporter with the fact that all these gangs were not Missourians, and wanted the public to know the same. He said that the Mason gang was from Indiana, and was led by Frank Mason, who once taught school near Terre Haute, where he was well known; and that the Meyers gang was from Illinois. He thought these men had been attracted to the state by the successful raids of the James brothers, and the fact that, notwithstanding the amount of travel and traffic over and through the state, they were afforded protection and shelter by its comparatively unsettled condition.

In answer to the question as to the probable whereabouts of Frank James, Governor Crittendon said that his place of residence, if he had any, was unknown, though he admitted having received a telegram some few days ago to the effect that Frank was living in one of the upper counties in this state. He also said that, in his opinion, Frank James was a much better man than Jesse, and stated that he knew of several instances in which he had saved human life at the risk of his own. Members of the gang relate that Frank had many and frequent quarrels with Jesse on account of his reckless disregard for human life, and for a long time he would not forgive Jesse for shooting Express Messenger Westfield in the Winton train robbery, when it had been agreed that no murder should be committed unless absolutely necessary for their safety. It will be remembered that Westfield was shot down by Jesse in cold blood while unresisting in order to show his accomplices what would become of them did they betray him.

The governor said that the mother and wife of Frank James had called upon him in Jefferson City, Missouri, to see whether Frank would be allowed to surrender and be free from the charges against him. He answered that he had no power to pardon before conviction, but advised him to come in, stand trial, and run the chances of being acquitted. He thought Frank James was disposed to be a quiet and law-abiding citizen, and anticipates no trouble whatever from him. He would express no opinion as to the feeling toward the Ford boys, who killed Jesse James, but declared the majority of the people of the state were with him in every move he made.

Cotton Seed.

Southern Industries.

The following interesting facts are taken from an article entitled "Cotton and the Coming Wonder," written by Professor Stelle, and published in the *Southern Cultivator*:

"Herodotus" astonished the reading world two hundred years before Christ by saying, "There is a plant in India which produces wool finer and better than that of sheep, and the natives make their clothing of it." The people did not believe the statement, but suppose that the author of it had gone further and said the same plant yielded the mutton of the sheep as well as the wool, then what? In this country, before the war, cotton was extensively grown, but only for the lint, the seed being kept away from the live-stock as something palatable, though injurious to them. Scarcity of food, however, necessitated the farmers in many instances to allow their stock to eat the seed; later on chemists analyzed the cotton seed and discovered the remarkable facts that they contained:

Fresh forming principles.....	41.025
Heat producing principles.....	37.014
Fat producing principles.....	16.905
which, as compared to the following analysis of corn meal, shows up well:	
Fresh forming principles.....	35.175
Heat producing principles.....	38.866
Fat producing principles.....	5.943

These tests at once give rise to a

boom in cotton seed, and mills for making oil have sprung up all over the South.

After the oil has been extracted from the seed the cake is ground into meal and used extensively as a concentrated fertilizer, and is considered as such, the best known, besides being the least expensive. It forms an important ingredient in the manufacture of certain commercial fertilizers, and the cake as food for stock is highly considered, particularly in Europe. The oil is regarded by tanners as entirely suitable for leather, and when refined makes one of the best lubricators for delicate machinery. The most romantic portion of the story is yet to be told. European manufacturers had been using the cotton seed for many years, to make "an oil which they sent back to America, to be used by Americans as genuine olive oil," at the seeming low price of three to four dollars per gallon. Fortunately for our domestic economy the prejudice which would naturally have arisen against its uses was destroyed, under the false impression that we were using pure olive oil; since the truth was discovered, the oil has been adopted in a large degree for culinary purposes and found infinitely more delicate, tasteless, and cleaner than lard. In addition to the above named valuable properties contained in the cotton seed, experiments have resulted in the making of an excellent substitute for butter from the oil. Indeed may the South congratulate herself on a soil and climate which produces to perfection a plant of such varied value as cotton; the lint makes clothing, and the seed food for stock, manure for the soil, delicious oil for the table use, and cooking, and butter. Other invaluable qualities may still remain to be developed from the plant, though if not, the ones already produced stamps it as the "wonder of the world."

Tarantula Prize-Fight.

Denver Tribune.

Many stories have been told of the venomous nature and vicious habits of the Arizona tarantula, but Messrs. Tammen & Co. and a few of their patrons recently saw an exhibition of the ugly creature's disposition which shows that he is not afraid to battle with his own kind on an equal ground. Among their curiosities brought here with the collection referred to were two of these huge insects, both of which were full grown. One was of the brown and the other of the black variety. The brown fellow was caged in a common cigar-box and the black one in a glass jar. As they could not be exhibited to advantage in contrivances of this kind, and as they were not very pleasant company to have running about loose, a box almost two feet square, with a glass top, was procured, on the bottom of which a layer of sand was spread to make the animals feel at home. The cover was then drawn and both spiders pitched into it from their separate cages. No sooner did the one discover the other's presence than they rushed at each other as viciously as two panthers and immediately closed in deadly embrace. They came together with a bound, and then twining their long, hairy legs about each other rolled over and over in the sand, biting each other savagely and then tugging with all their might, as if endeavoring to crush each other by sheer muscular power. Incredible as it may seem, this sort of warfare was kept up for six hours, during most of which time it could not be seen that either was gaining the slightest advantage, as neither showed any sign or disposition to end the fight except by the death of his adversary. At last the black one succumbed and rolled over dead on the sand, while the victor immediately proceeded to reap the spoils of the long battle. Seizing his vanquished enemy in his stout horns or pincers, or whatever contrivance he has for that purpose, he rapidly tore him limb from limb and coolly proceeded, in true cannibalistic style, to make a meal of him. In a very short time nothing was left except a little pile of legs and pieces of shells to mark the spot where one tarantula had fallen and another had dined. Many persons who have passed the window within the past two or three days have doubtless mistaken this little pile of tarantula debris for the real live animal, when a closer inspection would have shown the living vermin hidden away in one corner of the box lazily digesting his meal.

It's getting so the doctors can rebuild a man as easily as a carpenter can a box. A Georgia doctor cut out a man's diseased liver and put in a mule's in place of it, and now the man is the champion football player of that region.

EXCITING SCENES.

Men Overboard in a Monsoon, With Sharks About. Manchester Courier.

A correspondent who was a passenger by the steamship *Dacca*, which left Madras for London on the 1st ult., sends from Aden an interesting account of an exciting scene which he witnessed during a storm in the Indian Ocean. The vessel encountered the monsoon a few days after leaving Colombo, and had a rough time of it until the 17th ult., when the gale became so violent that canvas had to be taken in, awnings furled, and things made as snug as possible.

The correspondent describes what followed:

"I came on deck at 6 a. m.; it was blowing fiercely and the spray coming over the sheets. There were three of us on deck when the bell struck—a Miss, a Mr. and myself. We were holding to our chairs, which were firmly lashed to the inner cabin skylights, under the lee of the ladies' saloon. Part of the crew were working hard to get the starboard lifeboat in-board, when a bigger roll to the windward warned us of what was coming.

"Hold on!" some one shouted.

"We held on. The chairs rushed forward on their lashings. The deck stood upright. In came the sea, over the gunwale, over the taffrail, up to our waists, lifted the lifeboat out of its shackles, carried it overboard, smashing away stanchions and davits, and out to sea. Then came the horrid cry of,

"Man overboard!"

"The helm was put down, the engine reversed, and back we went on a search—all the more so as sharks had been seen around the ship earlier in the morning. The boat was presently seen some 200 yards off, keel uppermost. Soon after the two men were observed clinging on to it. Then came an exciting two hours, during which we steamed after the boat, which was drifting rapidly toward the east. But turning a ship like the *Dacca* is a very slow business, and as she hung in the wind's eye a jib was hoisted to bring her round. By the time this was done the boat, with its pitiful looking crew, was away two miles and more to leeward, and we were rolling heavily and unmanageable.

"At last the captain decided to lower a boat, and the order was given 'Stand by the boat,' and soon after 'Lower.'

"Who is going in her?" he shouted.

"The first officer, Mr. Ingram, sprang over the side, caught hold of the davit ropes, and slipped down; but just as he got near her a great roll of the ship lifted him clear of the boat twenty feet in the air. As he came down again the boat had drifted forward, and he was plunged in the boiling sea for five or six seconds. Up he came again as the ship heeled over, still hanging on, and missed by an ace having his skull smashed against the small boat's side. It was really a terrible sight, and we shuddered as we looked on, the boat all the while being lashed up and down by the violence of the waves. But at last his opportunity came, and he dropped into the stern. At once he was followed by the boatswain, two firemen and two European sailors, the native crew hanging shamefully back. One of the passengers, a young English officer, Lieut. Wolff, of the Seventh Fusiliers, a son of Sir Drummond Wolff, volunteered at once; but the officer in charge would not accept a passenger's services while men of the crew could be got. At last the boat shoved off, and the oars were got out, and in a terrible sea they set out for the missing boat. Directed by the motions of the man aloft, they got alongside her, and took the men on board. Then began a hard row back.

"We lost sight of her again and again, wondering how she could live in such a sea. But still she held on, and at last got under our lee. By the help of a case of oil scattered over the waves they were comparatively stilled, a ladder was let down, and when the last man stepped on board such a cheer greeted him as told him what we thought of his pluck and that of the gallant fellows with him. Capt. Burkit was perfectly cool the whole time, and managed his ship with great skill. When the first officer got a change of clothes and came down to the cabin, he received all kinds of congratulations, and his health was drunk in bumpers of champagne. On Sunday morning we got under the lee of Guardafui, and so ended our brush with the southwest monsoon."

The Girls are Good Enough.

Boomerang.

We have often noticed that the young man who shrieks most frequently and shrilly for an improvement in the character of our women both mentally and physically is usually, a little half crank, spindle-shanked and lantern jawed cuss, weighing about 100 pounds, who hasn't sense enough of his own to get off the track when the cars are coming. Have no more such nonsense. The girls and women of to-day are a great deal too good for the deserts of the average young man. When you hear a man growling about the depreciation of the gentle sex, set him down as a nin-compoop.

A BROOKLYN boy wrote a composition on the subject of the Quakers which he described as a sect who never quarreled, never got into a fight, never clawed each other and never jawed back. The production contained a postscript in these words: "Pa's a Quaker, but ma isn't."